SECRET

We reached New York at last. Luckily, there was a connecting plane so I homed at Georgetown fourteen and a half hours after leaving Paris. With the six hour difference, that meant our arrival was at 2:30 a.m. Paris time. My eyes were worn with reading. One book I especially enjoyed was Earls of Creation by James Lees-Milne, a present from E. These five great 18th Century art patrons were Lords Bathurst, Pembroke, Burlington, Oxford, and Leicester. Each was deeply interested in architecture and landscaping, as their successful building efforts attest.

Temperature in Washington tonight is 14° Fahrenheit.

I read today, for the first time, the full text of Dean Acheson's speech at West Point which infuriated so many British. The London Times printed it yesterday, after furious battles had raged over a few excerpts from it. I think most of his reasoning was correct, but it was unnecessary, unproductive and tactless to have used some of the expressions he did. The excitement over it has largely subsided.

Two men from the Department met me at Washington Airport. I found Miss Schukraft at the house, but when I sallied forth to Sugar's drugstore for food I was too late. Went to bed at six o'clock in the morning London time. The temperature in my bedroom was 14°--i. e., the same as outside--consequent upon the furnace having broken down. I was congealed.

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Good old telephonitis. George Wyckoff called me from Pittsburgh; from then on there were zanies and zombies on the wire. At least one was cheerful--Mrs. Powells of the Employment Agency said she had found a Peruvian maid for E, commencing the 18th. I am pessimistic about any of our temporaries loose amongst the crockery.